

The Sydney Morning Herald.

No. 8964.—VOL. LV.

BIRTHS.

On the 25th December, at the University, the wife of Professor FREDERICK GIBSON, at St. Ann's, Liverpool Road, the wife of FREDERICK GIBSON, Peterman, a daughter, of Andrew Black, esquire, of Peterman, Mrs. JOHN J. SEDGWICK, of age 21 years.

On the 25th January, at St. Ann's, Liverpool Road, the wife of JOHN TOWN, Esq., of a son, John.

DEATHS.

The Rev. JAMES WATKINS, F.R.S., aged 60 years, father of James Watkins, Esq., aged 40 years, father of James Watkins, of Double Bay.

On the 25th January, at her parents' residence, Mill-street, Paddington, Jessie, twin daughter of WILLIAM and JANE STEVENS, Paddington, aged 6 years.

On the 25th January, at Paddington, Mrs. JOHN J. SEDGWICK, of age 21 years.

On the 25th January, at Chipping Barnet, Hertfordshire, the wife of JOHN TOWN, Esq., of a son, John.

SHIP ADVERTISEMENTS.

STEAM TO PARRAMATTA, from PATENT SLIP WHARF, PARRAMATTA, AT ALMOST NOMINAL RATES.

From PATENT SLIP WHARF, 6, 9, and 11 a.m.; 1, 3, and 5 p.m.

Travellers by these boats are not subject to delays in the trip, nor to the inconvenience of changing into small steamers, nor to any extra charge; but for the exclusive accommodation of those who may desire to be conveyed between the steamer's wharf and the CENTRE OF THE TOWN OF PARRAMATTA, an omnibus will be in attendance on each trip, charge 3d.

Apply to THOMAS HALS, 3, Exchange.

STEAM TO HOKITIKA AND THE GREY DIRECT.

The PANAMA, NEW ZEALAND, and AUSTRALIAN ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS.

ASHLEY.

A. Kennedy, commander, will leave for HOKITIKA and GREY, taking passengers and cargo for Nelson, Taranaki, Picton, Wellington, Lyttelton, Otago, and Bluff.

For freight and passage apply at the Company's Office, Grafton Wharf.

H. B. BENSON, General Manager.

QUEENSLAND STREAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S STEAMSHIPS will be dispatched as follows:

For BRISBANE, IPSWICH, MARYBOROUGH, GLADSTONE, and ROCKHAMPTON without delay.

LATE YESTERDAY, Friday, 8th instant, at 5 p.m., for ROCKHAMPTON direct—LADY BOWEN, on account of 15 days.

W. WESTGARTH, Manager.

Q. S. N. Co.'s Office, Hunter-street.

THE AUSTRALASIAN STREAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S STREAMSHIPS.

TO MELBOURNE.—Wong, Wong, to-morrow afternoon.

On the 26th, 4:30, and City of Melbourne Tuesday afternoon.

TO HOBART.—RIVER.—Vessels, to-night, Friday, at 5 p.m., William, to-morrow morning, Saturday, at 7 a.m.

TO CLARENCE TOWN.—William, sailing at Newcastle and Tasmania, morning, at 7 a.m.

TO LATROSE RIVER.—Ghosts, yesterday on Saturday, and forwarded for Tasmania Monday morning.

TO BRISBANE.—City of Brisbane this afternoon, Friday, 5th, and Tasmania, Tuesday afternoon, at 5 p.m.

TO MARYBOROUGH.—Thames, to-morrow afternoon, Saturday, at 5 p.m.

TO ROCKHAMPTON.—James Patterson, this afternoon, Friday, at 5 p.m.

TO CLEVELAND BAY.—Sir Charles, not Port Denison, to-morrow afternoon, at 5 p.m.

FROM BRISBANE TO ROCKHAMPTON, calling at Maryborough and Gladstone.—Charles, Tuesday, 5th instant, at 5 p.m., being received for transhipment to any of the above.

No cargo received for the passengers going to Melbourne or Queensland or Tasmania on their day of sailing.

FREDERICK H. TROUTON, Manager.

A. S. N. Co.'s Wharf, Hunter-street.

HUNTER RIVER NEW STREAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S STEAMERS until the 28th February inclusive.

From SYDNEY to NEWCASTLE, RAYMOND THE BALE, and MURRAY.

MURRAY, MURRAY, and THURSDAYS, at 11 a.m.

CITY OF NEWCASTLE, WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 11 a.m.

Goods received for CLARENCE TOWN on WEDNESDAYS; MILLER'S FOREST, on THURSDAYS; PATTERSON TOWNSHIP, on MONDAYS.

Freight to be paid by Miller and the Patersons.

Goods received daily for NEWCASTLE, RAYMOND THE BALE, and NEWCASTLE.

From NEWCASTLE, RAYMOND THE BALE, and MURRAY, CITY OF NEWCASTLE, TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 6:30 a.m.

J. T. THOMAS, Manager.

Offices—60 Market-street.

C. AND K. S. N. COMPANY'S STEAMERS.

FOR THE MURRAY RIVER, via NEWCASTLE and PORT ALEXANDRIA, THE GRAFTON, or MONDAY, at 10 a.m.

For CORAKA, RICHMOND RIVER, direct, at 5 o'clock p.m.

W. WILLIAMS, Secretary.

STEAM TO MANNING RIVER.—FIRE KING, on Monday, 5th, BALTON, Argon, King-street.

STEAM TO MELBOURNE direct.—Reduced fares.

The regular steamship BLACKBIRD, 1000 tons, Captain H. P. Black, will be dispatched from Paterson Wharf, on SATURDAY, 5th February, at 4 o'clock.

Passages at following reduced rates:

Saloon £3 3 0

Steerage 1 10 0

For full particulars apply to JOSEPH WARD and CO., 3, Bridge-street.

STEAM TO HOBART TOWN.—S.S. CITY OF HOBART.—John O'Brien, commander, will sail on TUESDAY, 5th February, at 4 p.m.

Saloon 17

Return ticket, available months . . . 212

Passenger 24

W. R. MURRAY, and L. D. AGNEW, Pitt-street.

STEAM TO HOKITIKA WHARF direct.

The famous and powerful screw steamer BEAUTIFUL STAFF, 260 tons, E. Morwick, commander, will be punctually dispatched on MONDAY next, taking cabin and steerage passengers.

Passenger 10.

This fine steamer made her last call to Hobart in six days, and her passenger accommodation is fifty and well.

For freight or passage apply to W. H. REDRED, Pitt-street, & JOHN BLACK and CO., Pitt-street.

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REVIEW.

The Mormon Prophet and his Harem, or, an Authentic History of Brigham Young, An Unscrupulous Husband and Children. By Mrs. C. V. Waite. 3rd edition. (New York, Hurd and Houghton; London, Low and Co.) (From the *Advertiser*, November 24.)

AMONG the many silly books about Brigham Young and his singular colony at Salt Lake City, which, for our sins, we have been condemned to read, Mrs. Waite's is, beyond all question, the silliest. Unlike a recent writer, who began her revelations of the private life of this lord of harems and odesques, with the words, "The sun was setting on the domes and spires of the city"—there being neither dome nor spire in the place—Mrs. Waite seems to have actually visited Utah; but we certainly cannot offer her congratulations on her mastery of the arts of what to observe and how to describe. She means to abuse the Mormon men, to pity and caress the Mormon women; but she lacks all power of carrying out her purpose in such a way as to entrap the reader into sympathy with her ideas, if indeed she has any other idea than that of making an indecorous, popular book.

Mrs. Waite does not say in what capacity she lived at Salt Lake. From the respect with which she invariably speaks of the Prophet Joseph, the reverence with which she quotes the Book of Mormon, we might infer that she is one of the saints. She does not choose to explain how she became so intimate in Brigham's house, and under what circumstances she acquired her familiarity with his private habits. She leaves us wholly in the dark as to her means, her motives, and her opportunities. We only know, from her own pen, that nothing at Salt Lake was hidden from her eyes. She knew every chamber in the Prophet's house; in all his houses both within and without the walls; in the Bee house; in the Lion house; in the White house; in the School house. She knows what lady is immured in each cell. She can tell you which is the present favourite; which was the recent favourite; how long the reign of each new wife endured in her husband's heart; in what phrases she was courted; by what pledges she was won. She is free of the Prophet's office, of his study, of his private bedroom, "which few even of his own family are permitted to enter without special invitation." Mrs. Waite knows all about this bedroom:—"Here is the 'veil' behind which the Prophet receives his 'revelations.' Here he consults on his most private and important matters. He usually occupies this room alone, and when he desires the company of one of his wives, sends a message to that effect. When he is sick, he designates one of them to attend upon him." All this seems odd for an enemy of the Mormons and their Prophet to have been allowed to see and learn. Was Mrs. Waite an enemy? But this knowledge of external things in Salt Lake City is far from all. Mrs. Waite is no common person. She has penetrated to the centre of all mysteries. She knows everybody's motives; she is aware of everybody's hypocrisies. No Cynthia of the minute can deceive her vigilance. A wife of the impostor may be gay in public, quiet in private; ordinary people might be taken in by this show of happiness; not Mrs. Waite; she can draw aside the veil of cunning, unmask to scorn the designing wretch who is trying to make the world believe in her domestic bliss. To wit, there is Amelia Folsom, a Mormon lady, who is attempting to deceive people in this brazen manner: "Amelia is evidently living under constraint, and acting an assumed character. She is playing the role of a happy wife, with a breaking heart." Fie, Amelia! how can you? What is the use of your pretending to be happy, when you know that you are in this miserable, neglected, and degraded state? "Amelia stands the recognised Queen of the Harem. She leads the ton, and is the model woman for the Saints. Thousands bow low as she passes, and think themselves happy to receive her passing recognition. She is now a queen, and is to be a goddess in the celestial world." Is not this state and splendour evidence enough of her unhappiness? But this is not the whole. Amelia is actually the spoiled and petted child of the American Mohammed. "The new wife sometimes becomes restive and impatient, and treats her liege lord rather shabbily. She is at times notional and imperious, and somewhat coquettish,—to all of which her husband submits with good grace for the present, and pets her as a child." How can a woman be otherwise than wretched under such conditions?

The case is nearly as bad with Harriet Barney. "This lady is tall, slender, and graceful. She has hazel eyes, light-brown hair, mild, sweet expression of countenance, and is indeed a beautiful woman. Her character is as lovely as her face, and the suffering and sorrowing always find a friend in her. She is patient and forbearing, and would rather suffer wrong than do wrong. Her kind and sympathetic nature and excellent character place her far above all the other inmates of the harem." But Harriet is a deceiver—a gay and smiling deceiver—like the rest; even with her hazel eyes and her sweet expression, she is a deceiver pretending to be happy when she is perfectly miserable. "She loves, with all the intensity of her nature, him for whom she has sacrificed everything. Of course, she deeply feels his neglect, but, like a true woman, complains not." How ungrateful of her not to complain! Why doesn't she complain? If she feels her husband's neglect so deeply, what prevents her saying so? Why will she not compel Mrs. Waite to feel for her, and to publish her misery, on her sole authority? "Having sacrificed her happiness upon the altar of her child, she continues to love, to endure, and to suffer." What a shameful hypocrite?

But these ladies—mistresses and harlots, Mrs. Waite is polite enough to call them—"are infatuated with their religion and devoted to their husband." So much the worse for them, no doubt. If they had only a little more spirit of their own, something might be done for them. But in the presence of Brigham they have no spirit left in them at all. "If they cannot obtain his love, they content themselves with his kindness, and endeavour to think themselves happy. As religion is their only solace, they try to make it their only object. If it does not elevate their minds, it deadens their susceptibilities, and as they are not permitted to be women, they try to convince themselves that it is God's will they should be slaves."

Eliza Snow, known to many English readers as the chief Mormon poetess, though the laurel she so long wore alone is now contested by Miss Carmichael, is left off with a softer slap on the face:—

"Eliza Snow is of middling stature, dark hair, well silvery with gray; dark eyes, noble intelligent countenance, and quiet and dignified in manner. She is the most intellectual of the women. Her literary taste and acquirements are good, and she has composed some very creditable hymns for the church of which she is a conscientious and devoted member. A volume of her poems has also been published, some of which evince genius of a high order. She is quite exclusive in her tastes, and associates but little with the 'women.' She occupies a small room on the third floor of the Harem, about 12 by 15 feet in size. A neat carpet

covers the floor; a common bedstead occupies one corner. There are some oak chairs grained with creche covers, white window-panes, and bed spread, her own handiwork. Behind the door is a neat little wardrobe. On a shelf over the window stands a vase of artificial flowers. A stand, covered with books, usually occupies the centre of the room, and the articles, with a neat little stove, make up the furniture. This is the home of 'the sweet singer of Israel.' She has cast the charm on her friends over the ruder materials, and there is an air of neatness, comfort, and refinement about her little abode which is not apparent in any portion of the house. Here she receives and entertains her company. She occupies her time chiefly in writing, and in needlework. She is highly respected by the family, who call her 'one of the nobles of the earth.' When tired of writing and study, she walks the house and visits her friends. If any one is sick in the house she looks after the invalid, and shows every kindness of attention. She soothes the afflicted, and cares for the infirm and aged. She and Zina D. Huntington are the most lady-like and accomplished of the wives."

Nearly all this happens to be really true; but why Mrs. Waite forgets to say that Eliza is a pretender and a hypocrite, we cannot presume to say. However, the poetess may be included in the general judgment:—"In fact, all the women are miserable and unhappy."

Enough of this poor trash. The Saints of Utah offer a tempting subject to strong-minded New England spinsters and matrons; and especially for such as have no genius for the higher branches of romantic art. If Mrs. Waite's "Mormon Prophet" were not slightly indecent, it would be considered insufferably dull.

M. RAVAISSON'S STORY OF THE BASTILLE.

THIS will be a very disappointing book to the general reader, in whom the name of Bastille rouses the expectation of a sensational treat. Probably all the best of the Bastille stories have been told before, probably a good many of them were mere fiction. Anyhow, the chief value of M. Ravairesson's selection lies in its authenticity, and in the lively picture which several of the records give of French life and manners some two centuries ago. In his preface he takes care to let us know that we are not to expect anything very exciting. In fact, he seems to think the time is come for freeing the "domestic institution" of the French monarchy from the odium with which it has so long been overwhelmed. In the general rehabilitation of rascals it would surely be unfair if the Bastille did not come in for a little whitewashing. By-and-bye, perhaps, when we get to the times of the Regency—times when we were taught to believe that *lettres de cachet* were freely handed down ministerial back stairs, and when a husband and wife managed cleverly to imprison one another—we may get something more after the heart of the railway novel writers; but, as far as M. Ravairesson has gone, he is full enough of details interesting to the student, necessary to the man who wishes to correct his ideas about the age of Louis XIV., but with very little tragic interest in them. He has a good word for the Grand Monarque. The real evils of France were due, he tells us, not to Louis XIV., but to that feudalism which modern Frenchmen are so fond of anathematizing. Louis XIV. did what he could; he left society far better than he found it. But for that unfortunate war of the succession he would have done a great deal more. But what he really did was seen in the next reign. The Regency was a time of licence; a reaction had set in against the severe morality of the De Maintenon régime; but the rascals of the Regency were tamed compared with the "fanfarons de vice" who had flaunted their murders, their poisonings, their cruel oppressions in the eyes of the world more than half a century earlier.

Cheating at cards was, when Louis XIV. was young, quite an every-day affair—men called it "corriger la fortune;" and De Grammont, De Saisac, chevaliers and marquises, were not the worst received because they were known to do what, in the worst days of the Regency at once closed men's doors against the rogues who were suspected of practising it. Hypocrisy, again, was a new vice in France. A generation earlier, Tartuffe would have been a mere creature of Molière's imagination. And the main agent in this amelioration of society, says M. Ravairesson, was the Bastille. "C'est la qu'on fit de la politique intérieure." It was the Mazas and Cayenne of the seventeenth century both in one. "In it the obstacles already partly overthrown by Richelieu, Mazarin, and Louis XIV., three masters in the art of the regency, were ground away. It was the *œuvre cachée du pouvoir*." So says our author. We, of course, cannot agree with his view of *le pouvoir* and its functions; we think that a good deal of the work of these masters in the art of regaining was simply sitting on the safety valve. But still we must remember that Henry VII. and Henry VIII. did for us just what the earlier Bourbons wanted to do for France—they killed out the old feudalism; and feudalism died so hard among us, where it had never come to its full strength, that we may well imagine that in France it needed to be treated with plenty of those "terribles moyens de salut public" which M. Ravairesson thinks are not properly appreciated. The mischief is that the best organised system of *lettres de cachet* is open to the saddest abuses. Take the very first case among Ravairesson's records. A miserable Italian, Count de Pagan, accused of having boasted that he would kill the King by sorcery, is locked up in 1652. Mazarin ordered him to be let out and taken to the frontier "like an ordinary criminal," but he refused liberty "on terms which would dis honour his family," and while he is trying to get an unconditional release, Mazarin dies, and the poor man seems forgotten. He writes to Colbert telling him that he has worn the same shirt for seven months, that he has been obliged to sham illness and lie in bed, being literally *nudus sicut natura crevit*, and thus he is deprived of the consolation of hearing mass. "Le faire habiller" is Colbert's *apostille* to one of these letters. But a year and a month after there is this Count Pagan again. His clothes have worn out, the upholsterer has threatened to carry off all his furniture for debt; it is winter, and he has neither wood nor candle; he is an old man of seventy years, a stranger without, and always ailing, and he has been in this "living tomb" more than thirteen years. One day he is sure he will be found dead of cold and want. What happened we cannot say. The last letter bears date the 28th of November, 1663; there is no "order of release," and M. Ravairesson thinks the Count may be the same as Blaise Pagan, engineer of Avignon, who died in Paris on the very day on which the last letter was written. The mention of the upholsterer reminds us that prisoners in the Bastille were not as other prisoners. They were, more or less, like naughty undergraduates "gated" in a very strict college. Poor men like the Count Pagan might fare ill, though we can hardly fancy how, if the list of rations given in the introduction is correct. Everything, if we may trust M. Ravairesson, is as dexterous as possible from the out-of-the-way corners of French literature than most English readers possess, will be a valuable contribution to the national history.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

plying the prisoners with extras. They paid high for this privilege. Then, as to food, the allowance was liberal enough to satisfy the hungriest appetite. Two bottles of wine (bargain or champagne) every day at the dinner of several courses, and a third for use during the day. What they did not drink they were allowed to keep, and so some of them got quite a well furnished cellar in their rooms. Rennville, who says that on saints' days the governor gave out extra wine, and that one day he had half-a-dozen of champagne sent him for his own share, explains that it was worth while for the authorities to keep them in good health, seeing that they made a pretty picking out of the maintenance. Some of the prisoners found the living so luxurious that they persuaded herself to feed them more economically and to give them the difference in hard cash: "Thus not a few who came in poor went out richer than they had ever been in their lives." Of course they grumbled furiously: and the care naturally varied with the greediness or generosity of the governor. In the bad years about 1710 they were a little pinched; but then the Court was living on rye bread, and the country people had nothing but grass and roots.

When we think of the state of prisons in those days all over Europe we cannot believe that persons fed in this way, and provided with servants to clean out their rooms, and kept (in spite of all the efforts of their warders) pretty well *au courant* of what was going on in the world outside, had much to complain of. Torture was, indeed, allowed, but during the period covered by M. Ravairesson's book it does not seem to have been used. It was of two kinds—the "boot" and the "water." Torturing by water was laying the prisoner on his back, and forcing him to swallow horn after horn full of water, his sufferings soon becoming extreme. As to the skeletons found by the mob in 1789, they merely belonged to Protestant prisoners who, dying out of the pale of the Church, were buried "anywhere" within the castle precincts. A large part of M. Ravairesson's book is taken up with the affairs of De Caudal, De Bonnem, and others. The "Procès de Fouquet" is also given at great length. More than fifty people were arrested as compromised in it; among them, Fouquet's doctor, his valet, and numbers of his clerks and servants. The King did not dare to seize his Finance Minister in Paris, so he went down to Nantes, ostensibly to overawe the Estates of Brittany, who had made some difficulty about paying extra subsidies. Fouquet went too, and was arrested by D'Artagnan on Le Tellier's order just as he was leaving the Royal presence. Fouquet had then to disgorge. He had placed 100,000 crowns with Chamet as something for his children in case of accidents. But Chamet gave it up "in the same bags in which he had received it," and hoped the King would not think any the worse of him for having acted as the ex-financier's agent. More interesting than these is the case of Varin, son of Varin the engraver. M. Ravairesson gives him as the type of a fast young man of the seventeenth century. He is sent to school, but will not learn, so his father puts him to the Académie Royale, where he gets expelled for bringing in girls dressed up in boys' clothes. His father sends him to Italy to give him a chance of mending. He comes back worse than he went; and his character is so bad that they cannot buy a place about Court for him. So he goes to the army in Flanders; spends enormously, gives 100,000 francs, is sent home, and, after a year in St. Lazare, is passed from "college" to "college" in the vain hope of making a priest out of him. It is to be hoped that he, at any rate, during his two months in the Bastille, did not have three bottles a day, and extra on saints' days. Among the other cases is one of a Demoiselle de Veillie, driven mad by lawsuits; a sort of French Miss Flite, but as violent as the English lady was harmless. She waits for the judges as they are passing along the Galerie des Prisonniers, and falls tooth-and-nail on the President de Mesures, tearing his hair, scratching his face, and crying out, "Wicked judge, you shall never again give false judgment!" The difficulty is to make her plead; day after day the patient magistrates get nothing out of her. "Elle ne veut pas répondre" is the answer to each sentence in the lengthy interrogatories. "When urged to sign the depositions, she refused to move: she means to starve unless the King himself will see her set right." One would like to know the end of the obstinate unfortunate lady. The only really sensational story in the book, except a little attempt at abduction—as common in France then as it was in Ireland seventy years ago—is that of René de l'Hôpital, Marquis de Choisy, cousin of the Marshal. This man was such a tyrant on his estates that one of the clergy preached against him. L'Hôpital, with two of his pages, waylaid the priest, who was walking on the high road with a parishioner. He first killed the peasant, and then ran his sword over and over again through the priest. The clergy were roused, and the Marquis was brought before several Parliaments; but the L'Hôpital party was very strong, and the King was moved to save the wretched and to put him into the Bastille in order to quash the prosecution which the Paris Parliament was carrying on against him. After ten days in the Bastille, René was sent to Fort l'Évêque; and the King not daring to set him at liberty, he and his two pages soon managed to make their escape.

Such is a sample of what M. Ravairesson gives us in his first instalment. He promises more if this is well received: as to that point, we can only repeat that his book is more interesting to the student than to the general reader. The wonder is how these papers were preserved at all. When the Bastille was taken all the archives were thrown out into the courtyard. Everybody took what he pleased; and when, at last, a guard was set over the place, plenty had been carried off to enable speculators on the existing system. Proper arms are to be supplied to the troops, "the principle of very costly heads of departments is to give place to a system based upon trust;" the regulations as to fees are to be made intelligible; an "increased correctness of accounts is to be aimed at in the sphere of divisional commandants;" the army is, in very vague and general terms, to be made more intelligent, and the care of the supreme military authorities is to be devoted to the moral interests of the army. In short, the Austrian plan of military reform is very much what might have been suggested to the Emperor Francis Joseph by an intelligent English curate. It reflects great credit on its author, but is no more like the Prussian system than a regiment of Hesse Darmstadt is like a Roman legion.

We must, however, admit that this Austrian programme is not the most extraordinary of the

THE ARMIES OF EUROPE.

(From the *Saturday Review*, November 17.)

THEY are scarcely a country in Europe which has not been profoundly affected by the results of the battle of Sadowa. Prussia shines before all men as so bright an example that none can choose but admire her. In the fortnight she crushed to powder one of the greatest of military monarchies, and now we learn that this was done at a most insignificant cost. The Prussian Budget which is now published shows that no loan is found necessary, and that the war taxes have produced a surplus, which it is proposed to devote partly to encouraging the army and partly to more general purposes of benevolence. Prussia has spent less in raising herself to the height of fame and power than most nations spend in ruining themselves. Accordingly, all her neighbours are thinking how they may do as she has done; and, especially in France and Austria, statesmen and military authorities are anxiously considering how far the Prussian system may be profitably adopted elsewhere. The Emperor of the French has long ago shown how well he understood the merits of the Prussian system, and he makes no secret of the anxiety with which he surveys the present military shortcomings of France. But, powerful as he is, he perceives that he can scarcely hope to force the Prussian system on his people. The very need that he feels for it makes them disinclined to it. France has now been for fifteen years under a military despotism. She has freely sent her troops into every quarter of the world, and into the utmost variety of battle-fields. She has borne taxation, increasing year after year, until she is now, of all countries not in fear of insolvency, the most heavily burdened. If any nation ought to have an army that can command respect and enforce obedience, it is she. And, instead of this, what is her position? She no longer lays down the law to Europe; and although we in England may regard this as a gain, not only to Europe, but to herself, the French may naturally ask, if a military despotism is not successful abroad, what is its justification? At this very moment France is undergoing great humiliation at the hands of two Powers. She has been obliged to let Prussia have its way, and remodel Germany after its own fashion; and she has had to retire from Mexico in a manner that is nothing less than ignominious. Outsiders cannot blame the Emperor in either case. It is very much to his credit that he has yielded frankly and promptly where he had to yield, and that he has dared to let France know the truth, and realise the bitter fact that yielding was a mere matter of necessity. There was nothing to be done in Mexico but to go as soon as internal peace left the Americans at liberty to dictate the departure of the French troops; and in Germany it was impossible to oppose Prussia without taking the part of Austria, and propping up her rotten fabric. This is all very true, but the ordinary French peasant can scarcely be expected to see it; and if he could see it, he certainly could not be expected to relish it. After all he has suffered and paid in order to have the finest army on earth, it seems hard that he should be told to suffer and pay more if he wishes to escape great military disasters.

Something much short of the military system of Prussia will, therefore, we may guess, be adopted in France. The reserves will be increased so far as may be possible; and the number of Frenchmen who, in some contingency or other, will be forced to fight will be greater than it is now. But there is a wide difference between this and obliging every male of every rank to be a soldier; which, stating the case broadly, is the Prussian system. The Prussian system has been the growth of long years, and dates principally from that great popular rising against Napoleon when, from choice, the whole Prussian people flew to arms. It is the perpetuation, by habit and force, of that which was begun spontaneously. This is something quite different from suddenly, in time of peace, ordering every man to be a soldier. There are nations where military reform is even more necessary than it is in France, and yet where no perceptible difference whether they were increased or not. Further, they hint, in a vague way, that more attention might be given to the organisation of the Militia. This is the English programme, and a very curious programme it is. It quite rivals the Austrian project for attending to the moral improvement of Hungarians who do not fight, because reflection has convinced them that the Austrian Empire is not worth fighting for. Our military system is so bad, it is so hampered by its relations to the Royal family, so paralysed by divided authority, and possesses so few attractions for deserving men, either as officers or private soldiers, that probably no change will take place in it until change has been forced on us by a great disaster. But, at any rate, let us comfort ourselves by thinking that we know the worst, and by keeping in mind that if we are attacked, we have a total regular force, every man of which would be wanted in Ireland alone, and that England itself seems to rely, so far as the regular army goes, on getting, if possible, a thousand or two more aged and respectable pensioners. Perhaps this may be all that can be done; but if it is all that Government dare propose, and that Parliament would sanction, we must confess that we are at an incalculable distance from the Prussian system, and that Austria can only pretend to approach it, we are below even the pretence of getting in any way it.

ATTAQUE AND PLUNDER OF THE SURVEYORS' CAMP BY HAU-HAUS.

THE Southern Cross of the 8th instant, gives the following account of an attack upon the Surveyors' Camp, near Tauranga. The information was communicated to that journal by a correspondent.

On Saturday, December 29, the district surveyor, Mr. H. L. Skeet, went to Oropi to Mr. H. Graham's camp, situated about half a mile at the back of the native settlement. The afternoon of that day was spent inspecting roads, lines, &c., in the bush. All was quiet, and the natives seemed very friendly. On Sunday morning early, some natives came and brought to the survey camp some potatoes and honey. Mr. Skeet was lately thought to be making extraordinary levies, but it turned out that she is only proceeding to collect a movable frame, and replace it with a more substantial one. The natives were not afraid of her, and yet where she went, the people followed her. On Sunday morning early, some natives came and brought to the survey camp some potatoes and honey. Mr. Skeet was lately thought to be making extraordinary levies, but it turned out that she is only proceeding to collect a movable frame, and replace it with a more substantial one. The natives were not afraid of her, and yet where she went, the people followed her. On Sunday morning early, some natives came and brought to the survey camp some potatoes and honey. Mr. Skeet was lately thought to be making extraordinary levies, but it turned out that she is only proceeding to collect a movable frame, and replace it with a more substantial one. The natives were not afraid of her, and yet where she went, the people followed her. On Sunday morning early, some natives came and brought to the survey camp some potatoes and honey. Mr. Skeet was lately thought to be making extraordinary levies, but it turned out that she is only proceeding to collect a movable frame, and replace it with a more substantial one. The natives were not afraid of her, and yet where she went, the people followed her. On Sunday morning early, some natives came and brought to the survey camp some potatoes and honey. Mr. Skeet was lately thought to be making extraordinary levies, but it turned out that she is only proceeding to collect a movable frame, and replace it with a more substantial one. The natives were not afraid of her, and yet where she went, the people followed her. On Sunday morning early, some natives came and brought to the survey camp some potatoes and honey. Mr. Skeet was lately thought to be making extraordinary levies, but it turned out that she is only proceeding to collect a movable frame, and replace it with a more substantial one. The natives were not afraid of her, and yet where she went, the people followed her. On Sunday morning early, some natives came and brought to the survey camp some potatoes and honey. Mr. Skeet was lately thought to be making extraordinary levies, but it turned out that she is only proceeding to collect a movable frame, and replace it with a more substantial one. The natives were not afraid of her, and yet where she went, the people followed her. On Sunday morning early, some natives came and brought to the survey camp some potatoes and honey. Mr. Skeet was lately thought to be making extraordinary levies, but it turned out that she is only proceeding to collect a movable frame, and replace it with a more substantial one.

FOR SALE, in Australia, CALIFORNIAN

FLOUR (new) and Goldens.

National Mills brands, in 50 lb. bags.

Delivered at ship's side, Market Wharf, in lots to suit

purchase.

LADY'S, IRELAND, and CO., Lloyd's chambers.

LADY'S, H. S. BIRD, Circular Quay.

SHIP'S and Country's Cooking STOVES, all sizes, at

S. F. ROBINSON'S, 450, George-street.

AUNTRY and Parlor STOVES, and Australian

Ovens, at F. R. ROBINSON'S Ironmongery Ware-

house.

SUPERPHOSPHATE OF LIME MANUFACTURES

manufactured from pickled bones.

Para Superphosphate, for orange and other fruit trees and

all root crops.

Nitrogenated Superphosphate, for barley, wheat, oats, and

all root crops.

ELLIOTT, BROTHERS, 110 and 112, Pitt-street.

SALES BY AUCTION.

Prime Fat Sheep.

BURT and CO. are instructed by the

Messrs. Christian to sell by auction, at their

Bazaar, THIS DAY, Friday, at 12 o'clock,

40 very prime fat wethers.

Horses

Fat Sheep

Ditto Lambs.

BURT and CO. are instructed to sell by

auction, at their Bazaar, THIS DAY, Friday,

at 11 o'clock.

Horses

At 12,

40 prime fat sheep.

60 ditto lambs.

Lambs.

BURT and CO. are instructed by Messrs.

Wyndham to sell by auction, at their Bazaar,

THIS DAY, Friday, at 12 o'clock,

40 choice lambs, from Dalwood.

At the Camperdown Yards, on MONDAY next.

MARYN and CO. are instructed by Mr.

John O'Neill to sell by auction, at the Camper-

down Sale Yards, on MONDAY next, at 2 o'clock,

20 fresh and unbroken horses.

M. S. WOOLLER will sell by auction, at

his Horse Repository, Pitt-street, opposite

Tattersall's Hotel, THIS DAY, at 11 o'clock.

A lot of choice horses, from the country

Horse and carts, traps, carts, traps, wagons, &c.

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